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Chapter 3

I DON'T know which was the more surprised, Dobbin the horse, or Adam the boy, for Adam had shot right down the chute plump into the manger under Dobbin's nose!

It was lucky that manger did not happen to belong to Grey Nan who might quite easily have taken a hasty bite at the new kind of food. Dobbin was much better mannered and shook his old head as much as to say, "Pray! are these American manners?"

Adam did not wait to be asked that twice before he scrambled out of his uncomfortable resting-place.

Overhead Ann and Maimie were crying terrified inquiries as to whether he were quite killed.

Some boys would have laughed at such fears, but Adam was far too really brave.

"Just some slide," he called cheerily. "I'll get out of the stables and meet you at the foot of the ladder."

Ann was down out of the loft before he could get round. She looked very white but she knew Adam hated a fuss being made.

"It's quite fine now," she said, "and here comes Maimie. Shall we go round by the orchard?"

Adam was quite ready. That slide down the chute had shaken him up, though he said it had been some joke.

"We shall have to go on with the wigwam tomorrow," he added, "that curtain of yours is fine, Maimie, and p'raps someone will give us some pegs. It'll take us quite a bit to know all over the Castle. It's nice having the old furniture, but you can't locate it in a minute."

"Are there any dungeons?" asked Ann. "That was going to be Adam's first question, but I b'lieve we forgot."

"I don't quite know if they are proper dungeons," said Maimie, "but there are deep cellars. There's beer kept in one of them, and I don't think anything at all in others. Old Daniel Donnington would know."

"Maimie was pulling hard on the big handle of the cellar door."

Comrades All

By May Wynne

In Six Chapters

He was great uncle's butler and he lived at the Castle from a boy. Shall we go and see him tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Adam and Ann in a breath, then Adam added, "Guess we could see the cellar dungeons now. We could be brave knights going to free a poor prisoner. One of us could go first and be the prisoner."

"I will," said Ann hastily, and Maimie could have hugged the kind-hearted little chum who had guessed that Maimie did not care for the idea of going alone into some dark corner!

Ann herself made a very good prisoner, and she chose a proper little dark niche in the thickness of the wall which had probably been a real prison in the days of "once upon a time." Maimie kept close to Sir Adam-the-Valiant, but nearly ran away three or four times when he talked of scowling jailors and bristling dogs which he declared had to be fought. Just as Ann, the prisoner, was heroically rescued, the slamming of a door and the turning of the key somewhere above them made the hero and heroines feel rather glum.



Were they really prisoners themselves?

"I've got my electric torch," said Adam. "Keep close, ladies, we'll soon fight our way through to join gallant mates."

Maimie was pulling hard on the big handle of the cellar door.

"Phoebe has locked us in," she whispered, "and she will have gone along to the other end of the corridor to her tea. No one will hear us for hours. Not till they come to draw beer for the servants' supper."

"I must try some magic on the door, then," said Sir Adam, the knight, and he banged and shook, tried all the blades and tools of his birthday knife, in vain!

"Some wizard!" he said. "Say, shall we explore deeper and deeper? Or have we got to sit and howl, like dogs locked out at night?"

"Prisoners shout, too," said Ann. "I don't want any more explorings. I'd rather have tea. And don't you remember Phoebe promised to lend us the freezing machine to make raspberry ice in the schoolroom, afterwards?"

Adam had forgotten the raspberry ice, but it sounded rather good in his thirsty condition. Shouting, too, made them all thirstier and thirstier, and oh! surely no prisoners could ever have been more glad than they were to hear foot-steps coming down the stone steps from the larder.

It was not Phoebe though, but Albert the footman, who had thought how nice a cool drink would be and who got the fright of his life as a chorus which sounded like "Yowl, Yoo, Yoicks," came from behind the heavy door. Up the steps went Albert like a lamp-lighter gripping his glass and adding his howls and yowls to those of the prisoners. How Betty the kitchenmaid did laugh at him! She had plenty of brothers and sisters of her own at home and she guessed who the "ghosteries" were.

"Don't say anything before that Missus Maria from Amer-

ica," she urged, "or she'll be saying it was our little lady's doing and I'm sure before the other children came she was more like a mouse creeping about than anything else."

I think the Maimie mouse had learned very quickly how to squeak, judging from the noise coming from behind that door! but three very pleased prisoners came hopping up the steps when Betty had freed them.

"I guess," said Adam thoughtfully, as he helped carry the ice pail upstairs to the schoolroom, "that it couldn't have been *all* nice living in the olden days. I reckon I'd have nailed up all my dungeons if I'd had a Castle. The only part which sounds real fun is finding secret passages and hidden treasures."

Ann dipped a long spoon into a mass of half-frozen pink "slosh."

"I guess ice cream is really better than hidden treasure," she remarked, "and just you pass your plate, Maimie, or Adam will go on thinking of dungeons and eating ice without knowing it isn't clam-pie. That's like Adam. But when I get a real nice thing I give it all my attention." And she did.

There was one person who did *not* like the dear old Castle as much as New York City, and that was poor Maria. She longed to return to her own beloved country.

Adam and Ann had quite a serious talk with Maimie about it next day, before they went to work on the wigwam.

"I'd figured to have that tent pegged out today," sighed Adam, "and the furnishing begun. Dad's giving us his old skin rug for the doorway. But I've got Maria on my mind. You see, she's been real good to us. When I was a baby she saved my life. And now she's quite unhappy because of the *earwigs*."

Ann and Maimie opened their eyes very wide.

"Earwigs?" they echoed.

"Sure," said Adam, "I heard her tell Mister Hunt, the butler, so. 'If it wasn't for the earwigs,' she said, 'I wouldn't complain. It's my nerves won't abide earwigs.'"

"There are lots of earwigs," said Maimie, nodding, "in the ivy. Susan, the housemaid, hates them, too. They crawl all round the windows."

Adam dived into his pocket.

"Five shillings," said he; "that's more than a dollar bill. It'll buy lots of Keating's powder. And Keating's kills earwigs, fleas, beetles, bugs, everything. We'll go right now to the store and buy Keating's. Then we'll put it all round Maria's windows and flooring. The earwigs will be killed and Maria will be happy."

It was a great sacrifice on Adam's part for he was a boy who loved finishing his jobs.

He had planned to finish the fixing of that dwelling-place in the wood. But

Maria's peace of mind came first. It was quite an adventure in itself to get the Keating's powder. Adam and Ann were tickled to death over an English store, and while they were there who should come in but Daniel Donnington, the old butler who had served Maimie's great uncle.

Adam seized Daniel's ear trumpet and shouted question after question about the Castle. When he had finished and stood waiting eagerly for a long account of the Castle history, old Daniel took the trumpet from his ear and looked into it.

"Something's wrong wi' the old instrument," said he, "it joost buzzed."

So Adam had to leave Castle history and return with the Keating's. Here at least he had a chance to be thorough. Each armed with a pot of the deadly powder, they went around Maria's room,

and anywhere that an earwig *might* intrude they gave a good sprinkling.

Even the pillow was given a taste of the earwig destroyer.

Maria *ought* to sleep in peace.

But we don't always do as we ought, do we?

Maria appeared next morning to call her charges in the very worst of tempers and with her face quite inflamed, her nose scarlet.

"There's *some one*," said Maria, "been playin' their tricks on me. Wait till I catch them, an' I'll learn them what it means to meddle with the health and feelings of a free-born American woman. Wait till I catch them."

Ann sat up in bed and looked at Maimie.

Could Maria's sufferings have anything to do with Keating's Powder?

(To be continued)

The Tercentenary Celebration of Massachusetts

By M. Louise C. Hastings

"WELL," said Julia, "we've begun our Tercentenary activities by going to the State House to see the original Bay State Charter. That was quite a document!"

"Yes, that's our first move," agreed Roger. "I'm mighty glad that we can be on hand this summer to see the interesting exhibits around the Frog Pond in Boston Common, and in other parts of Boston."

"What are they planning there?" asked Julia.

"Oh, a pillory and the public stocks, and so forth," said Roger. "They will look queer today."

"I've brought you home something interesting," spoke up Grandfather Packard, putting his hand into his pocket. "The Tercentenary medallions are now on sale, and here is one for each of you. It tells in metal the story of three centuries of Massachusetts. See if you can tell what all ten designs mean."

"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed Julia. "There is John Winthrop, the first Bay Colony Governor, with a Puritan family just landed from the ship at anchor."

"Yes," interrupted Roger, "and there is an Indian family, too, and the Great Charter of self-government, and the Bible."

"Look at the border," suggested Grandfather. "It reproduces the border of the original Bay Colony Seal."

"There's the Liberty Tree in one corner," said Julia, "and the 'Don't Tread on Me' snake in another. But what do the others stand for, Grandfather?"

"Another corner has the ancient notary's stag's-head seal, and the arm and sword from the State's present seal,"

explained Grandfather. "Then there's a witch on her broomstick, and an airplane, too. How it brings everything up to date!"

"Anything on the other side?" asked Grandmother.

"Yes," replied her grandson, "there's the famous codfish, and here is an inscription:

"The principles Planted Here by the Puritans in 1630 Rooted Free Government on this Continent. Then and There the Existence and Character of the Future United States Were Assured."

"Thank you, Grandfather, for bringing these to us. We are glad to have them."

"There will be much of interest for you here this summer," said Grandmother. "One day we will take the boat to Plymouth and visit places of historic interest, and then we will motor around to other towns and cities which are celebrating. Special programs are being planned, featuring three-day celebrations, where civic and military organizations, schools, and churches will depict historical events."

"Already you children have a good background for this anniversary," said Grandfather. "The churches that you have visited for the past two years and their historical associations have given you a foundation that many of the visitors to Boston and vicinity will not have. We will try to take in the different special days of Massachusetts. We are too late for Patriot's Day, but we will take the Paul Revere route to Lexington and Concord."

"I remember the first time I stood on Lexington Common, where the first shot of the Revolution was heard, and of the feelings that came over me. I want you two children to get your impressions by putting yourselves, in so far as possible, in the places held by your struggling forbears."

"Well, Grandfather, we heard the opening of the tercentenary, anyway, whether we shall be at the finish or not," said Roger. "I'll not forget the bells and chimes and carillons that rang at noon on the first day of January."

"I'm looking forward to the parades and pageants everywhere," said Julia. "Those will be great sport!"

"I've always wanted to climb Bunker Hill Monument," spoke up Roger. "Shall we do that on June 17?"

"We might," replied his grandmother, "but Bunker Hill Monument is one place that we might visit a few days before, to avoid the crowds. You will want to rest at the top of the Monument and see the views in every direction, and if there are crowds of people it might have to be a hurried experience."

"I think one interesting thing for the children to do," said Grandfather to Grandmother, "would be to visit some of the oldest houses of the State. For example, there is the old Fairbanks House, of Dedham, and the Isaac Royall House, of Medford, and the House of Seven Gables, in Salem, to begin with."

"Why, Grandfather, you make me wild to begin!" said Julia. "Do we need to wait for midsummer to visit these interesting houses? Couldn't we go to Salem on Saturday?"

Grandfather Packard looked at Grandmother, who nodded her head, and he replied, "I suppose we might."

And so, on the following Saturday, Julia and Roger, with their grandparents, went to Salem and took the Salem Villows trolley car which passed the little narrow street leading to the House of Seven Gables.

In the train Grandfather had talked about Nathaniel Hawthorne, for he was born in Salem and his boyhood and early youth were passed there, and much of his fine work was done there at different periods of his life. He told them, too, much of Salem's history, and of the days of witchcraft delusion. By the time they had reached the House of Seven Gables and squeezed through the secret staircase they were quite thrilled. They visited the Essex Institute and other buildings housing historic treasures, saw some of the fine old houses with colonial stairways, and "did" as much of Salem as could be done in one day.

On the way home Grandfather con-



It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

—Loveman.

tinued to talk of the early Puritans and of their moral and spiritual traits which became such vital factors in the life of the colonies they founded. Grandfather was looking forward to a delightful spring and summer of historic interests, and Julia and Roger were keenly anticipating having a part in celebrating the Tercentenary.

"On Trial"

The following story was recently told by Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, editor of *The Christian Register*, to the children of his church school in Newton Center, Mass. Dr. Dieffenbach has kindly put the story into written form for the benefit of our readers.

"Do you know what an art gallery is? Have you been to our gallery in Boston? What did you find there? Yes, pictures, and other beautiful objects, also; but, first of all, the pictures! In many parts of our country we have art galleries in our cities so that the people may see the best works of art, especially the great paintings. This is one way we learn to love beauty.

"In Europe are the greatest pictures in the world, and the most wonderful galleries. One of these galleries is in the city of Florence. Here are the works of famous artists, some of whom painted hundreds of years ago. Visitors come and spend hours looking at these great pictures.

"One day among the visitors was an American tourist. With a catalogue in his hand, he first turned to the number and description of a painting, and then looked at it on the wall. 'I don't like this one,' he said. Then he went to another, and he didn't like that one, either. He spoke so loudly that everybody about him could hear. It seemed none of the pictures pleased him.

"The curator, that is, the caretaker, of the gallery, a quiet person who liked silence among the paintings, came to where the visitor stood, and said to him, 'Sir, in this gallery the pictures are not on trial. The visitors are on trial.'

"Our church is like an art gallery. Here we have Beauty, Truth, Love, and Holiness. They are not on trial. The Master of the good life approved them all. We are on trial."

Book Notes

By ELSIE LUSTIG

THE CHILDREN'S POETS, by Pauline Foster Ring, is a small volume containing ten dramatic readings, all of which deal with well-known poets. They are taken from actual fact, and it is very interesting to get new points of view. Most of us think of Longfellow as an old man with a flowing, white beard. In the episodes called "Longfellow and the Gun," and "Henry W. Writes a Poem," we see a young boy, in the first, interested in shooting, in the second scene, author of a poem which has just appeared in a newspaper. This poem, called "Battle of Lovell's Pond," is harshly criticized by the Chief Justice, who has no idea that this young man with whom he is speaking, is the actual originator of the poem. It is a human portrayal of an episode which might well happen to a budding poet. The book continues with other simple and refreshing episodes, dealing with such characters as Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Celia Leighton Thaxter and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is good reading for either boys or girls.

THE ELYSIUM FIELDS by Evangelus M. Congdon is a series of simple poems dealing with such subjects as sparrows, Hallowe'en, chickens and thrushes. This little book is attractively illustrated by the author.

THE CHILDREN'S POETS, by Pauline Foster Ring. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.25.

THE ELYSIUM FIELDS, by Evangelus M. Congdon. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$2.00.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

43-69 165TH ST.,
FLUSHING, L. I.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much, especially the puzzles. I am sending in a puzzle of my own.

I should like to correspond with some girl in Europe, as I am very much interested in Europe. I am ten years of age and am in the sixth grade. I am interested in all kinds of sports.

Yours truly,
BETTY CONE.

19 SEAVIEW AVE.,
CAPE ELIZABETH, ME.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much and I like the puzzles, too. Our minister is Rev. Vincent B. Silliman and my teacher's name is Miss Everett. She is very nice. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I should like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
NANCY KING.

550 So. 11TH ST.,
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Dear Editor: I have a cat and a dog; they play and fight every day, and my cat plays with a ball. I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am in the second grade of the Training School.

Yours truly,
GEORGE HOLLIDAY.

118 SCHOOL ST.,
BELMONT, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin. I am ten years old and I go to the Unitarian church. Our minister is Rev. Henry W. Foote and our teacher's name is Mrs. Wilson. I would like some girl of my age to correspond with me.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY HEBARD.

PEMBROKE RD.,
KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I wish to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church. My teacher's name is Mrs. Shepard. My minister's name is Rev. Gordon Adamson. I am eleven years old and I would like to correspond with someone of my age.

Yours truly,
JANE HARRINGTON.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

A Toast for Mother's Day

By ANNA NELSON REED

Oh, here's to the Mothers we love!
They cook and they sew and they work
and they pray,
What they plan for by night they perform in the day,
And they do it for us in the willingest way,
So here's to the Mothers we love!

Now here's to the Mothers we love!
With gratitude to them our hearts overflow,
And perhaps, when we're parents ourselves, we shall know
More fully how much to their kindness we owe,
So here's to the Mothers we love!

A Prayer for Peace

By LYDIA G. WENTWORTH

Our Father Who Art in Heaven:

We pray thee to show us the way that leads to peace for all mankind. Help us, thy children, so to live that we shall do our part toward bringing "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." Help us to obey Christ's commandment: "Little children, . . . love one another," and to realize now and always that the children of all other countries in the world are thine as well as ourselves. Help us to feel in our hearts this love for everyone through all our lives. And by this love for all mankind help us to know, and remember always, that Thou, the loving Father of us all, will bless each effort that we make for lasting peace. AMEN.

Spring

Spring has come with all things new!
Fragrant flowers of dainty hue,
Growing on a mossy bed.
All the ice and snow have fled,
Leaving the once snow-covered hills
Full of many gurgling rills.
Tall and graceful, shady trees,
Gently swaying in the breeze.
Birds are soaring in the sky,
Singing sweetly as they fly,
Telling us that Spring is here,
Bringing life, new hope and cheer.

JANE MACDONALD (Age 12),
Santa Monica, Cal.

Puzzlers

Beheadings

1. Behead a bellow and have something used in a boat.
2. Behead the way to knowledge and have the way to get money.
3. Behead warmth and have to devour.
4. Behead to proclaim a gospel and have to attain.
5. Behead tackle and have part of the head.

MARJORIE ELLICOTT,
Boston, Mass.

Twisted Cities of Palestine

1. Ruejmales
2. Tehlebhme
3. Cjihero
4. Pojap
5. Azanther
6. Hetleb
7. Nobhre
8. Acna

A Class of Boys in
Brockton, Mass.

Charade

My *first* describes; it rimes, we find,
With word like bind or word like mind.
My *second* works without a rest,
Like mainspring in the human breast.
My *whole* should be in each of us,
It makes us gentle, generous.

C. N. H.

Answer to Puzzles in No. 30

Acrostic.—T haw
E arl
M ace
P ack
L eft
E xit
S cot

Riddle.—The letter "e."

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